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The Evening World Print Associated Press News.

THE THANKSGIVING OF TO-DAY.

Thanksgiving Day resembles Fourth of July not only in the respect that it comes once a year, but in that it is now, thanks to college football and other regular events of the day, accompanied by a good deal of hurrah.

It is not the Thanksgiving of old that we celebrate generally in these times. There are exercises incident to the day which might prove shocking to some good men and women of earlier generations, who accepted this annually recurring occasion as a sort of extra Sunday. But this would only be because of the radical change of custom.

It has not hurt Thanksgiving Day to put dash and sport into its observance, its conversion into a real red-letter day has nothing of the spirit of irreverence. Only a hopeful, healthful people will care for or indulge in active, blood-stirring sports. And people who are healthy and hopeful are, perforce, thankful, though they may not say it in so many words.

The Thanksgiving of to-day is a broader, more cheerful day than that of our grandfathers. The man who has no family record to attend to, no family board to sit at, is no longer out of all place for the time being. The diversity of entertainment offered indoors and out has something for everybody, and thankfulness need not in anybody's breast be drowned out by loneliness or homesickness.

THE GAME OF FOOTBALL.

The Thanksgiving dinners of a great many people will be late to-day because those people insist on staying to the very last kick in the Yale-Princeton football game. But how appetites will be sharpened even by a spectatorship at that stirring struggle at Manhattan Field, and how enjoyment of the feast will be heightened by the lively flow of the after-talk based upon the game.

And for the participants? Well, the one side must be inspired by the sense of victory won and championship attained. The other—well, it will be a great game lost, but they will have made it go hard, and they will have a long time before next Thanksgiving in which to prepare for a possible reversal of the result. Football is a game worthy of any nation's holidays, as American college boys play it. Brain and brawn both have place in it. It is a game calculated to develop both manliness and muscle. Long may it hold its place on the calendar of sports and long may its exponents live to vent their enthusiasm over the exploits of their successors when their own playing days are over.

Two Connecticut youths slashed each other black and blue with whetstone whips as a test of grit. Neither would give up. Kind friends should have taken up the lashing where they dropped it, in an earnest test for common sense.

The Majestic teaches the November gales that she's an ocean queen even in this season of the year. Rough weather only knocks a couple of hours off her record to New York.

A Chicago butcher has been arrested for selling pickled horseflesh as corned beef. His conviction will make it "hoss and hoss" between him and the people he has fooled.

The town became painted with the blue of Yale and the orange and black of Princeton this morning. A coat of red is expected for to-night, after the football is over.

A little girl has recovered \$1,000 damages in City Court for "lost toe." This little pig went to market, as they say over the baby's toe, and it brought a pretty fair rate.

A man named SHADDOCH has died in Washington aged one hundred and thirty-one years. There may still be hope of finding SHADDOCH and ADELSBERG.

What with his massacres and decapitations and the like, China must be a great country for the breeding of nightmares, these times.

It is believed Old Earth had had a night off just before Prof. CHANDLER discovered that unsteadiness about the poles.

Chili feels better and better towards us. Put that fact in Uncle Sam's Thanksgiving budget.

Peace reigns in Brazil. She is the one ruler entitled to a throne even in a Republic.

Brooklyn gives thanks for the return of plenty in her water supply.

The Cigar Trust is pronounced dead. Somebody weeded it out.

THINGS TO BE THANKFUL FOR.

Mayor Grant—For his many vacations.
Gov. Fleet Flower—For the campaign speeches he didn't make.
Senator Cassatt—For the opportunity of becoming acquainted with his family.
Major McKinley—For being the discoverer of American triplicate.
President Harrison—For being able to hope for re-nomination.
Mr. Grover Cleveland—For Ruth.
Gov. Boies—For the unpopularity of cold water.
Abe Shipkey—For his free advertising.
Vice-President Morton—For this is a hard one.
John L. Sullivan—For Slavin's refusal to fight him.
Assemblyman Sulzer—For his coming speechmaking.
Carmenita—For her Spanish student.
James G. Blaine—For the fact that Platt isn't with him.
Princeton—For Yale's victory over Harvard.
Chauncey M. Depew—For the custom of dinner-giving.
Thomas C. Platt—For having his express company left.
Warner Miller—For having been out of it.
Sir Edwin Arnold—For the American lion hunter.
Prince of Wales—For the cloak of royalty.
Gov. Hill—For the fact that he is a Democrat.
Fred Gibbs—For his appellation of "wicked."
Congressman Mills—For the mistiness about free trade.
Car of Russia—For not having been blown up.
Supreme Court Judge Kennedy—For the protection of the Bench.
Hans S. Beattie—For not being buried in street dirt.
Lillian Russell—For front seat attraction for baldheads.
Reynolds Crisp—For his Speakership chances.
Harney Kourke—For knowing the safe way to jump.
Mrs. Frank Leslie—For having found the waters of perennial youth.
Justice Kelly—For not being impeached.
Col. Elevated R. R. Hain—For New York's apathy.
Mrs. Leslie Carter—For the public gullibility.
Ex-Mayor Grace—For peace in Chili.
Karl Bernhardt—For her American bodice.
Jimmy Morrissey—For his guileless smile.
Alma Flynn—For the non-existence of the blanket ballot.
Gen. Dwyer—For Texas's distance from civilization.
Secretary Greener—For getting \$2,400 a year out of the Grant Monument Fund.
Minister Early Bird Grub—For his gaw-ways.

THE CLEANER.

A Brooklyn friend yesterday purchased a package of Bridge tickets. Tearing one off, he held it between his thumb and first finger, the remainder of the package being tightly clasped between the third and little fingers. Just as his hand was over the gateman's box a passenger hurrying to the train struck my friend on that peculiar nerve known as a "funny-bone." The muscular action caused his fingers to stiffen out and the package of tickets dropped into the box, leaving the one ticket in his hand.

The gateman who saw the accident sent the gentleman to the office, stating that he would be reimbursed for his loss from the "reserve fund." This fund consists of a cigar box of tickets which were battered out of all semblance to legal tenders by the mechanism of the ticket-chopping machines. The clerk in charge said that every day people drop money in the boxes by mistake. My friend took away the value of his tickets in the mutilated coin, which he keeps as a souvenir.

A friend, writing from San Francisco, describes a beautiful and novel sun dial in the Golden Gate Park. It is an immense circular circle, with Roman numerals in red geraniums arranged as on the dial of a clock. An ivy-covered pole in the centre casts the shadow by which the time is indicated.

It was about midway between midnight and morning and the L train was winding the big curve on the Ninth avenue road when the steam-heating pipe broke at the coupling between the cars with a splash, a sizz and a cloud of vapor. A dozen doting passengers were started into hysterics by the sight of a crowd for the door—all but a tremendously adipose lady in sealskins. Her escort was a ninety-pound man, with a badgered, henpecked face. The heavy woman only wriggled her boxing-glove hand into the lean one of the little man and then nestled down upon his little person with a happy "I'm fully protected" expression of face. The rest, when they found that their fright was for nothing, were relieved of their sheepishness by the sight of this picture of womanly faith in her chosen knight.

A friend who lives in Yonkers told me that he had heard that the L road had made a traffic arrangement with the New York and Northern Railroad to run through express trains between that place and the Battery, and he added: "It's good news, but too good to be true." His opinion was confirmed by Col. Hain.

Fatal to Alliance Planks.
[From the Philadelphia Record.]
Kansas farmers are paying off their mortgages at the rate of \$200,000 a month. No wonder the Alliance is disintegrating.

A Subject of Official Silence.
[From the Philadelphia Times.]
In discussing a clerk for writing a novel of Washington official life Commissioner Baum strengthens the local impression that the less said about this subject the better.

Small Job for an Ex-Tyrant.
[From the Philadelphia Times.]
It is pretty well settled that Tom Reed will head the Republican contingent in the next House of Representatives. The ex-tyrant will find that he has a light job on hand.

Too Democratic, Also, for This One.
[From the Philadelphia Times.]
Probably the members of the (Republican) Committee thought that New York City was too big a place to be affected one way or another by a Convention.

Between the Eyes
In the place where nasal Catarrh manifests itself, but the real cause of the disease is found in secretions or impure taint in the blood. To cure Catarrh a radical blood purifier like

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Is needed, and the success of this medicine proves conclusively that the real cause of Catarrh. Be sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla.



Identifying a Trunk.
It was at the baggage-rooms in the Erie Railroad depot. The woman had lost the check for her trunk, and as is usual in such cases where no suspicion is entertained she was asked to identify her baggage.



"Oh, I can pick that trunk out of a thousand. It was a zinc-covered one, with a strap around it, and it had a big W for White on each end. It was a trunk my sister bought in Cincinnati and paid \$6 for it, and after she got crippled up with rheumatism and couldn't get out any more she sold it to me for \$2. There it is now! I'll swear to that trunk in Africa."

"But about the contents, ma'am. You have the key?"
"Of course. I have. I had this key made in Buffalo last week. I lost the other key about a year ago, and always believed that Mrs. Robinson's lady swallowed it while I was there visiting. The poor thing had cramps for three months after I left, and she wrote me the other day that she never expected it would be a healthy child again."

"Describe the contents," said the officer as he pulled the trunk down.
"Well, let me see. We'll begin with the till first. There's my bonnet in the bonnet-box. I paid \$7 for it in Buffalo last year, and had over \$2 worth of trimmings put on last week. I don't know as I shall want to wear it once while here, but I thought I'd better bring it along. I was never quite satisfied with that bonnet, but I suppose—"

"What else?" interrupted the man.
"There's a black fan which cost me 59 cents. I got it at a sale, and everybody says it was a bargain. My sister Emily was with me the day I bought it, and she could swear to it if necessary. She advised me to wear a white fan, but I prefer—"

"I don't care about the fine particulars, ma'am."
"Oh, you don't. Well, there's a black shawl in there which used to belong to my Aunt Eunice. She had it for ten years before she died, and then it fell to my mother. Let's see. That shawl must have been in our family for—"

"Do on, ma'am."
"There's three corsets tied up together—old corsets. They don't amount to much, but I always like to throw such things away. My sister here keeps her old corsets, and I brought 'em along thinking I might be glad of 'em."
"Well?"
"Then there's my black silk dress. I paid \$1.50 a yard for it in Buffalo, but I got cheated. I hadn't worn it but twice when the silk cracked and creased all over. I went back and told the clerk of it, but he wouldn't do anything about it. Next time I buy a silk dress I propose—"

"Never mind about the dress."
"The waist is headed."
"I don't care about that."
"Well, let's see! Oh! yes! on the bottom of the trunk are four sheets I was bringing to my sister. I made and bleached 'em myself. She's got four boys, and the way they do kick the sheets out is something awful. I don't suppose I could have brought her anything she would—"

"What else?"
"There's a pair of gray pants on top the sheets—an old pair belonging to my husband. They are worn a little thin on the knees, but they will do to cut over for one of the boys. I've brought up three boys myself and I know how awful they are on pants. Sometimes it wouldn't be four weeks before—"

"You can have the trunk!" blurted replied the baggage man.
"But there's a lot more things to mention yet. There's three pairs of new—"

"Take it away!"
"And I forgot to tell you that there are—"

"If you want your trunk here it is!"
"Well, I'd have the man take it away. I lost my check, and I wanted to satisfy you that it was my trunk. If you'd give me time I'd tell you about the black coat with the fur collar, and the two pairs of suspenders for the boys, and—"

The baggage-master walked off, and after waiting around two or three minutes with a disappointed and dejected look, she sorrowfully told the expressman to carry the trunk to his wagon.

She Knew Her Papa.
[From the Philadelphia Times.]
A little girl named Nell called her father to her beside the other evening. "Papa," said the little girl, "I want to ask your advice."
"Well, my little dear, what is it about?"
"What do you think it would be best to give me on my birthday?"

The Strength of His Jaw Unimpaired.
[From the Philadelphia Times.]
It is an odd day when the Boston tragedian, John Sullivan, doesn't signify his desire to fight somebody. The strength of his jaw remains unimpaired.

CHRISTMAS CHEER.

Spread It Among the Poor Children of This City.
Send in Money or Gifts to Help Fill the Trees.

Thousands of Little Ones Look to You for a Little Pleasure.

Contributions of money should be addressed to Cashier N. Y. World, Pulitzer Building.

All parcels or packages containing donations of toys, clothing, books or other articles should be addressed to the Manager "Evening World's" Christmas Tree, 74 FIFTH AVENUE.

The American, National and Westcott Express Companies will convey all packages of 25 pounds weight and under addressed as above, free of charge.

THE SUBSCRIPTIONS.
The Evening World, \$100.00
Previously acknowledged, \$75.00
Joseph Barones, \$25.00
Mrs. E. A. Lovell, \$3.00
E. Abbott Lowell, \$3.00
Florence Lowell, \$1.00
L. A. Robert, \$1.00
J. A. Costello, \$25.00
H. P. Gould, \$25.00
A. Cattaneo, \$25.00
M. A. Korf, \$25.00
James Welsh, \$25.00
C. Spadavacca, \$25.00
S. C. A. Lenck, \$25.00
L. E. O'Brien, \$25.00
J. R. Loring, \$25.00
J. S. Crenney, \$25.00
Thomas F. O'Connor, \$25.00
J. J. M., \$25.00
Cash, \$25.00
Pearl Fisher, \$1.00
Mrs. B. R. C., \$1.00
L. C. O'Brien, \$1.00
Celia and Irving Merkin, \$1.00
Ronald, \$1.00
In Memory of Agnes, \$25.00
Five Little Orphans, \$10.00
Nellie, \$10.00
C. S. N., \$10.00
No Name, \$10.00

Only four weeks to Christmas Day, and 25,000 poor children are looking to The Evening World readers to give them a joyous day, attainable by no other means.

Thousands of homes may be brightened, and the saddest Christmas on that day will bring smiles to many a pallid face for days afterwards.

All the arrangements have been perfected. Mr. George M. Wood, who has done such good work for the Sick Babies Fund, will again have charge of the Christmas Tree arrangements.

Through the kindness of R. Napier Anderson, the well known architect, a spacious den has been donated at 74 Fifth Avenue, near Fourteenth street, where all parcels and packages should be sent.

Not to be outdone in generosity, the American, National and Westcott Express Companies have undertaken to transport free of charge all parcels weighing twenty-five pounds or less, if addressed to The Evening World's Christmas Tree, 74 Fifth Avenue.

Thousands of families can spare a package for the poor children; thousands of merchants have unsalable goods that through the kindness of the Evening World, they can dispose of. Notify the express company to call, or instruct Manager Wood to send for them and the result will be attained.

Five tons of candy has already been ordered, and thousands of dolls.
Toys of all descriptions for boys and girls; winter clothing for all sizes of children; books, food for the mind as well as body; fruits, nuts, canned foods, cakes, crackers and many other food products; warm sock-mitts, hoods and shawls—all are welcome.

Daniel Kennedy, the popular auctioneer of Broadway and Tenth street, sends on furniture for the Christmas Tree Depot, the Fifth Avenue Storage Warehouse Company, through Mr. Maxwell, contributes carriage and other facilities, and all indications point to a greater success than ever for THE EVENING WORLD'S Christmas Tree of Dec. 25, 1891.

Ronald's Big Mite.
[From the Philadelphia Times.]
Mamma sends enclosed \$1, our mite towards the Christmas Tree for the little ones, and we wish it could be more.

Brother and Sister.
[From the Philadelphia Times.]
Enclosed please find \$1 for the Christmas Tree Fund. Celia and Irving Merkin.

Nellie's Dime.
[From the Philadelphia Times.]
I enclose 10 cents for the Christmas Tree Fund and I hope the children will have a happy time. NELLIE, eight years old.

From Pearl's Bank.
[From the Philadelphia Times.]
Enclosed find \$1 taken from my bank, which I hope will do little bit good. PEARL FISHER, Ashbury Park.

It Will.
[From the Philadelphia Times.]
This dime is sent with a hope for Christmas. May it help to make some one happy. C. S. N.

Five Little Orphans.
[From the Philadelphia Times.]
We are five little orphans and send 50 cents for the Christmas Tree Fund. FLORENCE WARKENT, AMELIA WARKENT, FRANKIE O'MARONEY, JIM O'MARONEY, 316 East Sixtieth Street.

A Voice from the Tombs.
[From the Philadelphia Times.]
Enclosed please find 25 cents, all I have, which I gladly devoted to the fund for poor children, hoping my small amount will help to make some poor child happy. Excuse my hearty thanks to THE EVENING WORLD for its noble undertaking and wishing happiness to the poor. JOSEPH BARONES, Tombs Prison.

At the Horse Show.
[From the Philadelphia Times.]
Miss Froote—What is that awful scar on the polo pony's leg, Clarence?
Mr. Walker—That's—er—where he was vaccinated, do you know?

THE WAYS OF WOMAN FAIR.

Fads, Fancies and Fashions That Delight the Gentler Sex.

A New Cape of Tudor Form—Revolution in Pin-Cushions—New Style in Skirts—Novelty in Dress Trimmings—Terry Cloth for Table Scarfs.

A quaint cape of novel design is made in Tudor form, with a round yoke of broadcraiding, which describes a complete circle round the top. The yoke is of black and gold, and from this falls the cape of black Ottoman silk, lined with old-gold quilted satin.

The novel part consists of a frill of the Ottoman silk which falls from the yoke over the under-cape, and is a very uncommon effect. The high collar is of black ostrich feathers, and the lining of old-gold satin. For middle-aged ladies three-quarter capes with the separate sleeve pieces of thick matelasse silk with terry trimmings or of broche plush or matelasse with plush designs, lined with satin more, and lightly trimmed with fur, which form very warm, comfortable wraps, which do not confine the arms, and under which the thickest gown may be worn.

The rest of the audience sat still, and an oppressive silence reigned—one of those silences during which nobody would tell you that you could "hear a pin fall." Sarah's death scene in "Adrienne Lecouvreur," which was the play, was surely one of the most realistic things she has done. It was awful, and enough to harrow the feelings of the most callous. There was really a tinge of humor in the reflection that this vast audience, out to enjoy itself and get a few hours' relaxation from the bread-and-butter struggle, was treated to an intensely emotional death scene, in which Sarah made known the complete process of dissolution.

The audience was too stunned to applaud very much. It was at the end of the fourth act that Sarah received as much of an ovation as the chilly, uninteresting audiences of the Standard Theatre could give. She was called out four times before the curtain, or rather the curtain was raised four times, for Sarah never appears in front. (Imagine Bernhard leading a procession and marching in front of the curtain as manager.)

Very fond of permitting their companies to do it, Sarah's support was not good. Mme. Jeanne Ned was a very nice actress, of Bouillon, and in the scene in the drawing-room, the one in which she and the Duke have been seen on her face, when she indulges in the recriminatory talk with Adrienne, she was superb. It was an unusual performance. Flurry as the Prince and Muriel as Michonnet did admirably.

Sarah, this week, has been rehearsing every day. She is the most indefatigable member of the company. She fires out her actors and actresses, latitudes Mr. Aldrey and his company and never appears to feel the effects of it herself.

"A Temperance Town," Charles H. Hoyt's new play, will be presented in Columbus, O., March 15, and will be followed by "The Whirlwind of 'Boom,'" to the Madison Square Theatre. "A Trip to Chinatown" will remain at the house until the 15th. It is doing very nicely indeed, thanks.

Miss Minnie Dupree, who left "The Cad" company because she wouldn't do specialties, has been engaged to play the ingenue part in "The Cad" at the house until the 15th. It is doing very nicely indeed, thanks.

Scene: Hanley's office at Harrigan's Theatre. National and Westcott Express Companies have undertaken to transport free of charge all parcels weighing twenty-five pounds or less, if addressed to The Evening World's Christmas Tree, 74 Fifth Avenue.

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HEARD AT THE STAGE DOORS.

Sarah Stuns an Audience in "Adrienne Lecouvreur."

At 11.15 last night Sarah snuffed a poisoned bouquet that had been sent her by the amorous artful Princess de Bouillon; at 11.20 Maurice de Saxe, her lover, returned, and, dispelling the clouds from her heart, asked her to be his; at 11.25 the poisoned bouquet began to take effect, Sarah saw things; she tore her wig into wisps; her eyes turned an illumination to jump from her head; she clutched at her dress; she stretched forth her arms; she clung in hysterical agony to Maurice; she cried pathetically "Je reux vivre!" at 11.30 it was all over, and Sarah died.

There was a very few of the well-meaning patrons and promoters of athletic sports ever suspected until recently that the demoralizing practice was carried on to such an enormous extent as it is nowadays.

A prominent official of the Williamsburg Athletic Association, in referring to the subject of giving money to boxers has grown steadily until now they expect it for their services as they would for daily labor. The trouble is with the officials of the A. A. U. They could stop the whole practice if they desired.

There will be some rare exhibitions of the native art next month. The men are now training hard, and as the stake in each case is large the fighting will be fierce. Eddie Avery, of Brooklyn, who will meet Charlie Moran, lives in Williamsburg, but runs down to Coney Island over the Boulevard every day. He is being handled by Frank Conley and Dan Gallagher. His backers feel confident of his success.

Billy Kenny is training over at Greenville, N. J., and is doing some great work. Big Bill Kelly went over to see him the other day. Kelly and Dunn put on the fight, and the result was that Dunn was badly used up in short order. Charlie Moran made a similar call, and was knocked down three times in the first round. Tommy Warren, Kenny's trainer, is really handling every time he boxes with his man.

Bill Pittman is not saying a great deal, but he is doing good head work near Newark.

The Prospect Harriers, of Brooklyn, have a large number of speedy sprinters among their number. Billy Kunkle, one of their best men, has been out of training for some time. He is now preparing for the coming races, and is showing up in good form.

Tommy Collett, of the St. George Athletic Club, is a very proud of his branch of athletics. He is getting recruits all the time. Sunday he will send the boys over a novel and interesting course.

Walter Scott, N. J. A. C. is getting in form again for the run this winter. He is competing in the Seventy-fourth Regiment plates running in the Seventy-fourth Regiment at Buffalo Dec. 12.

The Prospect Harriers will join with one or two of the companies of the Thirtieth Regiment in a set of armory games some time in January. The Thirtieth has a number of the athletes in its ranks, and a good set of games will undoubtedly be given.

Everett C. McClelland, the champion runner, has sent the following challenge to the Police Gazette:
"I will run Pat Noonan a five and a ten mile race for \$500 or \$1,000 a side and the championship of America, in New York, within five weeks from this date, on an indoor track."

Those who have Mike Cleary's benefit under their direction feel confident that the day's net will be a very nice filled Saturday night with the friends of the well-known pugilist.

The feeling among some of the athletes who will contest in the Amity Athletic Club's championship game is very strong and competition for the championship will be spirited.

The Golden Rod Athletic Club will hold its annual outing at Bay Ridge to-morrow.

WORLINGS.
The winter in Alaska this year was very fine. There were three months of dry weather such as the oldest settler had not experienced before.

Some French authors have adopted the practice of using green-glazed paper for manuscript, finding it less harmful to the eyes than white paper.

An average man of fifty has spent 6,000 days, or every twenty years, in sleep, and has consumed about 17,000 pounds of bread and 16,000 pounds of meat, washed down with 7,000 gallons of liquids.

It has been supposed that Sweden were the best carpenter of the nineteenth century, but it seems now, according to an authority, that Italians are pressing them close for first place in carpenter work.

Gen. Henry R. Jackson says that trade in African slaves was engaged in in New England as late as 1820.

VAGRANT VERSES.
The Tank Drums.
He had played with Booth and Forrest.
Knew black and white by heart.
Had sung in every opera.
Could pantomime a dance.
An expert on the bagpipes.
Could do a song and dance.
Took tickets on the gallery door.
And once sent in advance.
To have to throw a pair of just.
Because he couldn't swim.

Fair and Square.
Said the street-car conductor: "I swear
That my conductor is a fair man."
"You ought to see me at times
When I'm in a better humor."
You must own it is no more than fare.

With Emphasis.
When I the query for your hand
Did tenderly deliver,
You said you'd gladly give the same
With all your power and fervor.
But when a rapturous kiss I gave,
I learned, by sudden pain,
That you were intended to give
With all your might and main.

Eligible.
[From the Philadelphia Times.]
"I don't see how you can get into the New York Yacht Association. You have no yacht."
"No; but I've got a wine cellar and a yacht club."

SPORTING NOTES AND NEWS.

Extent to Which Money Prizes for Sparring Have Been Carried.

Special Four-Round Bouts the Delight of the Revenue Boxers.

The lovers of pure amateur athletic sports look upon the cash premium system with feelings akin to dismay. Suspicion has existed for some time that there was something crooked about the internal workings of boxing tournaments, but very few of the well-meaning patrons and promoters of athletic sports ever suspected until recently that the demoralizing practice was carried on to such an enormous extent as it is nowadays.

A prominent official of the Williamsburg Athletic Association, in referring to the subject of giving money to boxers has grown steadily until now they expect it for their services as they would for daily labor. The trouble is with the officials of the A. A. U. They could stop the whole practice if they desired.

There will be some rare exhibitions of the native art next month. The men are now training hard, and as the stake in each case is large the fighting will be fierce. Eddie Avery, of Brooklyn, who will meet Charlie Moran, lives in Williamsburg